THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XVII. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1775. [*Price Two-pence Half-penny.*

Caſca's Epiſtle to LORD MANSFIELD.

* *Uni æqures Virtuti atque ejus amicis.*

To *Virtue* only juſt and *Virtue's Friends.*

CAN you, my Lord, who ſerve *deſpotic Ends*,
Can you be "*juſt to Virtue and her Friends?*"
To *wanton* † *Murdrers* when did She afford
Protection yet, or *alter a Record?*
Say, does your callous Soul receive no Shock,
When, *conſcious*, in the Hall, you view the ‡ *Clock?*
Or can you fill *perfidious* || *Scroges*'s place,
Without a preſſage of your own Diſgrace?
Yes—Yes—to England's ſhame, you're out of reach,
And Laugh at him who Threatens to *impeach.*
If *Burke* ſhould riſe, the Farce no farther goes;
To one *juſt Aye*, *North* brings ten *impious No's.*
In Youth, before *diſſembling* was your Trade,
To *James* Libations on your Knees you made:
Not *Loyalty*, but *Fear* has ſheath'd your Sting;
No *Murray* can be faithful to his King.
From the black North in famiſh'd Clans you ſwarm,
And, *thawing*, feel how *Albion's* Sun can warm;

* The Motto on Lord Mansfields State Coach.

† The two Kennedys—Balfe and M'Quirke,—and the two Murderers of Young Allen—The four laſt *penſioned*, as well as *pardoned*: with Lord Mansfield's Privity and Advice.

‡ Judge Ingram, many Years ago, was fined for altering a Record; with that Fine, the Clock now in Weſtminſter Hall, was erected.

|| This Chief Juſtice was, of late Years, removed and puniſhed for perverting Law, miſleading and inviegling Juries, and other Crimes *in Lord Mansfield's way.*

In

Your *Clime* you change, your *Sentiments* retain;
In *Scotchmen* Treaſon is an *innate* Stain;
Like *Itch* and *Scurvy*, in their Blood it reigns;
He who wou'd cure it, muſt exhauſt their Veins.
Once againſt *Rebels*, 'twas your * *Place* to plead;
Your *Mouth* condemn'd, your *Soul* approv'd the *Deed.*
Whilſt round your *Heart* ſad *Diſappointment* hung,
Diſſimulation oil'd your *treach'rous Tongue.*
A *Murry* then (your Brother too) was found
In Arms, in ſecret Truſt; in Duty bound,
And Principle *(like yours)* to aid a *Claim*,
Which you affected with a *Bluſh* to name;
A *Bluſh ill-acted*;—to thy *Ghoſtly pale*,
(Index of *Guilt)* ſoft Nature lends no Veil.
No—She, my Lord, diſdains to ſerve *baſe Ends*;
She's "*only juſt to Virtue and her Friends.*"
On them She ſmiles, on CHATHAM'S Cheek ſhe glows,
When *injur'd Children* are aſſail'd like *Foes*;
When *Famine's* call'd to aid the *coward-plan*,
And *North* completes what *Bute* and *You* began.
Periſh your Names!—your *Thane* in fear is fled,
With ev'ry Curſe, but *Scotland's*, on his Head;
In Shade, but not (alas!) in-*Death* enſhrin'd,
Whilſt you, his *faithful Proxy*, ſpeak his Mind;
And (to *weak George* from ſoothing Flatt'ry dear)
Pour your *Laird's* Poiſon in the *Royal-ear*,
Why do your treach'rous Actions ſhun the Light?
Why do *Back-ſtairs* feel *Mansfield's* Steps *at Night?*
To *George* your Councils and yourſelf convey,
Fraught with Infection, in the face of Day.
Let not the *royal Cloſet's* Whiſper ſcreen,
Your glorious Works; but let your Light be ſeen.
Conduct, avow, enforce, your *Patriot-plans*,
Nor truſt their *Merits* to *ſubaltern Clans.*
Tho' *Bute* abſconds, yet aid *your Joint-deſign*,
Yourſelf, my Lord; and help to ſpring the Mine.
Whilſt *Grafton*, *Sandwich*, *Denbigh*, *North* ſtand forth,
And to *aſtoniſh'd Ears*, proclaim their *Worth*;
Whilſt, with rank Nonſenſe, *Suffolk*, *Pomfret*, dare,
Without a Bluſh, to make *Plebeians* ſtare;
Why, when your Sov'reign's pleaſ'd by *Law to kill*,
Step not *you* forth to gild the deſp'rate Pill?
'Tis decent, ſure, ſo penſion'd, plac'd, and brib'd,
To recommend the Doſe you have preſcrib'd.
But *Fear*, my Lord, mean, abject *Fear*, ſtill gives
A Check—in you a *lurking Traytor* lives;
The worſt of *Traytors*—you have Senſe to ſee
Fair *Freedom's* Charms, yet blaſt the Soul that's *Free.*
Early and late, inceſſant in your Pains,
For brave *America* you forge vile Chains.

* When Sollicitor General, in 1745.

Yet meanly, in your Houſe, or Court, take root,
When you ſhould *Speak*, as *Deputy to Bute*.
He ſtill lies Hid; perhaps, at * *Clapham* lurks,
Whilſt *You* and *Apſley* carry on the Works.
To grant a *Nation's Claim* each *Houſe* is loth,
But *You* have *Repreſentatives* in *both*.
Strangely abſurd!—yet this we know and ſee;
This Truth ſubdu'd your modeſt Member † *Leigh*.
The Man had Senſe, and felt his own Diſgrace,
How well an ‡ *Aſton* wou'd ſupply his Place!
So *repreſented*, with ſuch Leaders too,
(*North*—*George*—obſequious to your Lordſhip's Cue.)
This War *againſt ourſelves* will ſoon be won,
Odious America be ſoon *undone*.
Remonſtrances are vain, *Bute* won't relax,
But ſternly bids *North* lay *another Tax*.
The Tax of *Death*, by Bayonet and Ball;
But *Famine* is the hardeſt Tax of all.
From *Scotland*, could that Thought derive its Source?
Where is *ſharp Famine* felt with greater Force?
In all the Horrors *there* the *Fiend's* array'd;
There her ſhrunk Hand for ever chills the Blade.
There, with lank Sides, the meagre Cattle moan;
Their Keeper aſks for *Bread* and gets a Stone.
From this diſtreſs *Bute* and *yourſelf* ſoon fled,
Yet pour it's plagues upon a *Nation's* head.
By *vileſt means*, my Lord, you ſeek *vile ends*;
Thus are you "*juſt to virtue and her friends*."
In all your ſtrokes a maſter's hand appears:
Stand forth—claim all your praiſe, and baniſh *fears*.
If *Conſcience* dictates every *ill* you do,
Frankly expoſe the *Knave* you hide, to view.
Plebeians ſcorn—to gain your King's applauſe,
Like baſe || *De Burgo*, fawn and wreſt the Laws.
Diſpiſe what faithful Hiſtory ſhall ſay;
Full in your *Zenith now*, enjoy your Day;
Tho' in Times annals your foul Name ſhou'd ruſt,
Whilſt *Fame* to *Holt's* erects a laſting buſt.
He had no § *Smythe*; no bias *he* had ſhown,
But dragg'd *Aſſaſſins* from behind the *Throne*.
Guardian of England's Laws he gave 'em ſway,
And held them forth for Sovereigns to *obey*.

* Whilſt this Lord was thought to have been *abroad*, he was concealed at Mr. *Lovelace's* (the Banker) on Clapham Common.

† The late Sergeant Leigh. Lord Mansfield on a *ſudden Pannic*, got him into the Houſe of Commons, by way of an Orator, to defend him in caſe of an Attack.

‡ One of Lord Mansfields *favourite* Judges.

|| A moſt iniquitous *Chief Juſtice*, who was *hanged* (like *Treſilian*) in Henry the Thirds Time, for *eraſing Records*, as well as for other Villainies.—Good precedents both, and full in Point

§ This *godly* and upright Man, (Lord Mansfield's Favourite) tried the two Villains who murdered young Allen, and laboured their Acquittal; but they were found Guilty upon the cleareſt Evidence.—He then ſeverely threatened any Perſon who ſhould dare to print that Trial.—He has ſince been made one of the Commiſſioners of the great Seal, and Lord Chief Baron, as a Reward for his Integrity.

Againſt the People's Rights he took no part,
But judg'd, and counſell'd, with an *honeſt Heart.*
Prerogative (unpenſion'd and *unbrib'd)*
He kept within the bounds that Law preſcrb'd,
By *Freedom*'s ſide he firmly took his ſtand,
Yet held the Ballance with an equal Hand.
Of that fair Plant he cheriſh'd ev'ry Shoot,
And, with a Parent's fondneſs, nurs'd the Root.
His Name, whilſt Law endures, ſhall live in Praiſe;
Aſhby and White, * no *Mansfield* can *eraſe.*
But you, my Lord, to *Infamy* ſtill true,
Indulge your King's Caprice in all you do.
If *Citizens* their humble *Plaints* expreſs,
You bid him ſpurn the *May'r*, and his Addreſs.
With *pleaſantry* your Sov'reign's heat aſſwage,
And arm him for the † *horned Cattle*'s rage.
Inſtruct him how to Speak, to Sneer, and Frown,
To try if *Tricks* will bear a *City* down:
To be *aſtoniſh'd* that one Voice ſhou'd ſue
To turn a *Tyrant* from his *Bloody-view.*
Death is the Word—let looſe the *Dogs of Prey*;
Burgoyne's the Man, my Lord; encreaſe his Pay.
Your *Heart*'s well known; your Voice attention Draws;
Ariſe and vindicate your Maſter's cauſe.
In *Art* ſupreme, in *Perfidity* not weak,
Show baſhful Lordlings what it is to *ſpeak.*
Let not ſuch Fools as *Suffolk*, when they riſe,
Without a word of Engliſh, ſnatch the Prize.
Shall Peers, whoſe *Infamy* is ſcarce half-blown,
Vaunt *Mansfield*'s Schemes, as if they were his own;
In Language, which no Grammar e'er equipp'd,
Language, for which a School-boy wou'd be whipp'd?
No.—Be *yourſelf*, my Lord; and unconfin'd,
Aſſert your Right of *ruining Mankind.*
Break forth in all your *Ciceronian blaze*,
And let your *Front* no more than *Heart* amaze.
Equal in *Private* and in *Public* ſhine,
And dare to be another *Cataline.*
Shou'd galling *Junius* make a new attack,
(Whoſe Laſhes ſtill are flagrent on your Back,)
The Libeller by ſome State blood-hound Trace,
And let him feel the Terrors of your *Place.*
Grafton in *Friendſhip* ſome ſure Snare will lay,
As *Friend*, and *Spy*, he'll join him and betray.
If *precedent Injuſtice* can anoint,
John Wilkes's Caſe, will be a Caſe in point.

* In this well-known Caſe, Lord Chief Juſtice Holt decided in Favour of the Right of Electors, in the Teeth of a menacing Houſe of Commons, and in defiance of their pretended PRIVILEGES.

† Soon after the memorable Petition in BECKFORD's Mayoralty, Lord Mansfield inſerted a witty Strićture in the King's Speech, and made his Majeſty talk of the Diſtemper which raged among the horned Cattle; under that indecent Sarcaſm, coarſely alluding to the Diſcontents of the City of London. The Petition itſelf, the King took no farther Notice of.

Then,

Then, make the Senate ring; like *Pomfret* rave;
And ſcorn by *penſion'd Proxies* to *enſlave*.
" *Pomfret!*—there's Weight in what *ſuch Heads* adviſe;
" *Madmen* in Council are to *me* a Prize.
" Since *Smith* is Dead, *Pomfret* my be endured:
" We looſe a *Vote*, ſhou'd the poor Man be *cur'd*.
" Beſides, he *ſpeaks*—in Sentiments *unites*,
" He ſometimes Raves and Stares, but never *Bites*."
" Granted, my Lord"—but yet (unknown to yield,
As *your Troops* are) why don't you take the Field
In Perſon? Clear Suſpicions, Doubts diſpell:
No Lord *contrives*, *abetts*, or ſpeaks, ſo well.
Does *virtuous Camden* talk your Spirit down,
Or *Chatham* awe you with a Roman frown?
When *Patriot Rockingham*, or *Richmond* riſe,
Does *Freedom*'s ray annoy your dazzled Eyes?
Does *Shelburne*'s Boldneſs ſhake your daſtard Soul?
Or *Temple*'s perſeverance want Controul?
Can you, with *Forces* ſo well paid, and fed,
Deſpond, unleſs your *Thane* is at your Head?
Can you, his ſtaunch Lieutenant Colonel, fail
In *Senate*, as in *Council*, to prevail?
Or is your Courage check'd in it's Career,
Becauſe you've loſt *five thouſand Pounds a Year*?
Long in *Commiſſion* you had kept the *Seals*;
* *Three Judges* moving on your Lordſhip's Wheels;
Their Mouths pronounc'd, but your's preſcrib'd the Law;
Thus have we *Kings* and *Judges* too, of *Straw*.
If *ten* ſuch learn'd *Triumvirates* as *that*,
With all their Law will ſcarce make *half a Pratt*;
Who can behold (and not with Rage be ſtirr'd)
A *Prætor* † ſliver'd from the *weakeſt Third*?
This Thought of yours, my Lord, your *Pow'r* enſures,
The *weaker* the Man is, the more he's *yours*.
In *Council*, *Court*, and *Parliament* we ſee
Your *faithful Shadow* moves as *you* decree;
Witneſs the ‡ Cauſe of *Thickneſs againſt Leigh*.
This Project ſhows your *Machiavelian* ſkill,
You're || *Speaker* thus (and *more* than *Speaker*) ſtill.
Profoundly *Politic* in all you do,
Thus are you *Chancellor* and *Speaker* too.
Yet, when you can foreſee an *hard fought Day*,
Like *Falſtaff*, from your poſt you ſneak away.
The riſque your *rag-o-muffin bands* may ſhare:
You (like your THANE) make *Self* your deareſt Care.
Boldly you counſel underneath the Roſe;
But fly the Conflict when the Armies cloſe.
A War of *Reaſon* gives your Lordſhip pain:
Virtue alone ſuch Conflicts can ſuſtain.

* Smythe, Bathurſt, (now Lord Apſley) and Aſton. † Lord Apſley. ‡ See JUNIUS's Letter to Lord Apſley, in the CRISIS, No. VII. || To the Houſe of Lords.

Too

Too free, too pure, to ſerve *Oppreſſion's* end,
She can't miſtake a *Mansfield* for a *Friend.*
Some few hard fronts can ſtand the ſhock of Steel,
But none the Thunder of the Public-Weal.
Ev'n JOVE himſelf, GREAT JOVE, can't bear reproach,
Nor paſs without a *pannic* in his Coach,
When to NORTH's ſmuggled Parliament he rides,
The *God* betraying what the Stoic hides.
Fain would he *ſmile*—ſhrill hoots his muſcles check,
Then how he wiſhes *England* had one * Neck!
At ev'ry Hiſs he feels a conſcious Start,
And Groans re-echo'd pierce his Tyrant-Heart;
A Heart, in *infancy* too ſoon enſur'd:
To ſlight thoſe *Ills* his People have endur'd;
Harden'd by *Female* Inſolence and Pride;
To *Bute* entruſted as it's *only Guide*,
A *Guide* to what? not to the People's Love,
(The ſafeſt Ground on which a King can move)
Nor to the Path of Honour, Truth, or Fame,
In which our *Edward's* won a glorious Name;
Not, with diſcernment, to enforce the Laws,
Or yield to Subjects in a ‡ Righteous Cauſe;
To aid the juſt, to ſooth the giddy Throng,
And wiſely to diſtinguiſh *right* from *wrong*;
To temper Juſtice with an even Hand,
And drive *Corruption* from a ſinking Land;
But train'd (alas!) to act the meaneſt part,
To ſpeak a Language foreign to his heart,
To *promiſe* more than *Briton's* ever hear'd,
Truſting to have his †*ſacred Lyes* rever'd;
To ſet his Honour and his ſoul to Sale,
As Water *falſe*, as courtly Sunſhine *frail*;
In *Theory* well-School'd; in *Practice* taught
To be the ſad reverſe of what he ought.
Honour and Faith in *Falſhood's*, Stream he laves,
And toil's to make a freeborn People Slaves.
Not ſo our *great* §*Deliver'r* ſought renown;
He knew from *whom*, and *why*, he had the *Crown.*
But *now*, the Globe and Scepter's held for ſhow,
Bute, ſays that || *Craft* is all a King ſhould know;
Quotes *bright* examples from each *Stuart's* reign;
To ſuch a Scholar not one Hint's in vain.
A *Juſt Petition's* anſwer'd with a ſneer;
And to ſecure his point, he drops a Tear.
Unhappy *York*! too fickle to reſiſt!
Alas! thy Death encreas'd the *Tyrants* Liſt!
Not to be won by all that Senſe could try,
You fell by Water from the *weakeſt* Eye!

* The Impious wiſh of that haughty Tyrant *Caligula*, in reſpect to *Rome*.
‡ Alluding to the City Remonſtrances and Petition. † For the Truth of this Aſſertion compare JOVE's Speeches with his Actions. § King William III.
|| What poor James I pedantically called King-craft.

If

If †*Hypocrites* are *Murd'rers*, who ſhall dare
To excuſe that *Guilt*, which bare-fac'd thanks declare?
When harmleſs Lives were loſt, and *Rome* was burn'd,
NERO, in form his grateful thanks return'd;
Happy to have a cool, *obedient Scot*
Perform his *bloody Orders* to a jot;
Happy to find two more ſo bravely warm'd,
So hot for Blood, to ſtab *one* * *Youth unarm'd.*
O! when in Britiſh Annals ſhall this blot
Of Sanguinary Power be forgot!
Never whilſt this corrupt and bloody Reign
Shall Furniſh a Record of Slaves and Slain.
Never whilſt brave America can feel
The Senſe of wrongs, or the redreſs of Steel:
Never whilſt Liberty and Right Divine,
Mark the vile *Stuart* from the *Brunſwick Line.*
Behold! what *Bute's* long-labour'd Culture brings,
A King of Patches! and a ſhame to Kings!
A Baby! who is humour'd till he thinks
That Water ſacred, which a Monarch drinks.
Taught that the height of Piety's to kneel,
He ſays his pray'rs and bids the Vulgar feel.
Let meaner Souls relent, forgive forget;
Such Weakneſs ne'er diſgrac'd a *Stuart yet.*
No—let the *Slave* that thwarts US be undone,
Long live the *Mother* in the *Tyrant* Son!
Thus lectures *Bute*,—and this advice embrac'd,
All Senſe of Virtue in the Bud's effac'd,
How ſhou'd King's ſee in infancy made blind?
Whoſe Manhood's watch'd, whoſe Knowledge is confin'd?
To whom no page in Hiſtory's reveal'd,
But where they find the Subject's Cauſe appeal'd
To Heav'n?—this tame Redreſs *Carte's* Volumes teach;
Theſe George may read—theſe *Bute* and *Mansfield* preach.
True to his truſt the *Thane* his taſk begun;
He pleas'd the *Mother* and he *dup'd* the Son.
Taught him to fly above the legal Sphere,
And by ſad *Charles's* Star his Courſe to ſteer;
To bear no Counſel, no ſage hint, no Guide;
But think all Subjects born for King's to ride;
By ‖ Famine brave reſiſtance to entomb,
And (with *Macbeth*) to "leap the life to come";
To wait no Tide, attend no riſing Gale,
But raſhly ſpread *Prerogative's* full ſail:
To heed no Subject in his bold careers,
But Paſſive Penſioners and rotten Peers.
To ſpare no Life, if poignant Satyr ſtrikes;
To Plan the Death of him he moſt diſlikes;
Waiting impatient for the ſetting Sun,
To hear good news from §*Martyn* and from *Dun.*

† Muſt not a Man be a moſt notorious and cruel *Hypocrite*, who could ſay to the Duke of *Grafton* upon the above Melancholy Occaſion, "Kill the next Piercy your-"ſelf my Lord." This is an actual Fact. * Young Allen, in St. George's Fields.
‖ In America. § Two Villians hired to murder Mr. Wilkes, for writing No. 45, of the North Briton.

To give *in jeſt* a *Coronation Pledge*,
Nor think an *Oath* more ſacred than a * *Wedge*.
Alas! that *Off'ring* ſhou'd ſuggeſt a Thought,
That *Charity* by *former* Kings was wrought;
That, from the royal Cradle to the Grave,
The *trueſt Piety*'s to *guard* and *ſave*.
Such Acts as theſe to *Crowns* a Luſtre lend;
This, *Mansfield*, *this* is being "*Virtues Friend*."
But, when *Deſtruction* is a King's *Command*,
And *Death* gains Paſſports from the *royal* Hand;
When *Carnage* is the Word—when gen'rous *Gage*,
Dreads that *his* Name ſhou'd blot th'hiſtoric Page,
And, with a Tenderneſs his Prince will *blame*,
Shrinks from *rank Murder*, and *eternal Shame*;
When Conſcience and Remorſe from *Court* is flown,
Nor dare ſollicit a *deſpotic Throne*;
All muſt be *Slaves*, till *Spirit* ſhall return,
To fire thoſe Boſoms where it us'd to burn;
Till we conſider *Names* far leſs than *Things*,
Nor care from what *ſound Stem* we take our Kings;
Till *ſcepter'd Pride* is taught to bleſs the Hand
That calls her to protect a *gen'rous Land*;
Is taught that *Britiſh Monarchs* owe their State,
To thoſe who can *depoſe* them or *create*;
Provok'd, *inſult'd*, *ſpurn'd*, can ſpare, or try;
Or throw, with Scorn, their *royal Creature* by.
BUTE! MANSFIELD! theſe are Doctrines which appear
Horrid and *Harſh* to your *diſtemper'd* Ear;
But there will come a Time when you ſhall rue
That e'er you counſell'd with a Heart untrue:
When from theſe Counſels deadly Feuds ſhall riſe
To force a *Tear unfeign'd* from *George*'s Eyes.
Truth ev'n on Kings in that ſad Hour attends:
Charles found, *at laſt*, his *People* were his *Friends*;
To *Notions*, falſe as *Friends*, he bid adieu;
Theſe had *deceiv'd*; the BLOCK ſpoke plain, but TRUE.
Ne'er may a BRUNSWICK taſte ſuch BITTER FRUIT,
But leave the AXE to MANSFIELD, NORTH, and BUTE.

Theſe Lines, inſpir'd by CHURCHILL's laurell'd Shade,
I write, unknown, unpatronized, unpaid:
Proud, if my honeſt Muſe, by chance, has cropp'd
One Flow'r from that fair Wreath which *Churchill* dropp'd.
Let *Johnſon* toil for *Hire*, with *Falſehoods* pleaſe;
(NORTH's FIAT feeds, and DUBBS him with DEGREES.)
His be the SHAME; the gen'rous Tranſport mine,
To goad a VILLAIN's Heart at ev'ry Line.
Diſdaining Pidlers, who for FLOWRET's roam,
Like BRUTUS, ROUGH, I'll plant the Dagger HOME.
TYRANTS and TRAYTORS CASCA ne'er forgives;
Tremble SUCH Monſters whilſt that CASCA lives.
The Blaſts he blows their GUILTY Souls ſhall ſhock,
And drive them to PERDITION and the BLOCK.

* A Wedge of Gold annually offered at the Alter by our King's.

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